Pump it up by buckyjbarnnes

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Summary:

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Author's Note:

> i am so sorry for this (no i'm not). if you like this mess, please leave a comment!! I love the ones you left on my other works <3. Btw, Billy's 17 in this so if that makes you uncomfortable, welp!! I think there's a lot more that can make u uncomfortable in this anyways. I only proof-read this once cause i've been PRESSURED to post it (????).
>
> I'm pretty sure the title for this is a song by Elvis Costello lmao sorry abt that....

Billy never thought that this was something he'd fancy doing. If he wasn't horny and so in love with Steve Harrington, he'd find the idea very stupid, and gross even, and just outright say no to being a part of it. But here he was, and he wasn't complaining.

He wondered how they'd reached this point, because just months ago they very prudently only managed a hand job, if that. He also sometimes wondered what would happen if someone ever found them doing it.

He'd rather not think about anything though, because it could (and would eventually) become too much, so he just sighs and concentrates in the sensations. Steve seems to really enjoy himself when they do it, so he just keeps whatever doubts or second thoughts he has to himself. After all, he was a sucker for everything Steve related, so he closed his eyes, wrapped his hand tighter around his dick and imagined how pretty Steve looked when he was being fucked into the mattress.

The Four Horsemen roared loudly through the room, mainly because it was Billy's favorite song, which surprisingly ended up being Steve's too, but also because it was loud enough to drown any sound that could give them away, if anyone was spying on them. The aggressiveness and energy the song had, also turned Billy on, but he felt that was a little bit weird, so he didn't ever explain why he'd always choose that song in particular when they were going to play their little game. The song's long too, so usually someone comes first at around the 5 minute mark. That'd normally be embarrassing, but shooting fast's what the game is about, anyways.

The game was simple, really, and back in Cali he'd heard of guys who'd do it in groups and also create their own variations of it. He'd heard about some guys including a cookie in the equation; Billy always found the idea a little bit too forward and disgusting, even for someone like him, because he had no problem swallowing cum, but there was a difference between swallowing with his friends', and swallowing his *boyfriend's*.

One day, when Steve was drunk out of his mind, he'd suggested they play it. Billy didn't think those kinds of games were even a *myth* in a town like fucking Hawkins, Indiana, but there was Steve with his proposal and his bedroom eyes, and Billy just couldn't say no.

"Have you ever heard of this game… they call it 'soggy biscuit'-"

Billy almost spits the beer he's just sipped, "Steve you are drunk as fuck, you don't know what you're saying."

“--Shut up. You ever played it? I bet the boys in Cali did…”

“Steve- we’re not doing that, ‘s fucking gross alright.”

Steve snorts at that, “Billy, you’ve already had my cum in your mouth, and fucking *swallowed* it too,”

Steve had a point. Billy made an annoyed grunt. “We’re still not playing it, princess. I think I’d like to fuck you, or blow you, or anything really, more than playing that fucking game...I don’t even like those fucking plain cookies you’re supposed to play with or whatever.”

Steve kinda laughs at the last part, but says, “*William*, I thought you liked tryin’ new things? We can fuck after anyways.” then, he looks at Billy with half lidded eyes and a flush on his face. He’s also very visibly hard. Billy will regret this later and probably blame it on the alcohol.

“...One condition.” Billy says after a moment of staring dumbly at Steve.

Steve’s eyes get glassy, “Shoot.”

“We do it my way.”

“Sureeee, alright!”, comes Steve’s excited, drunken voice.

Billy’s condition is no cookie, because honestly *what the fuck*. The variation they are playing consists of the following: they set a table (Steve’s *desk* to be precise), stand next to each other, and they jerk off. You win if you come first and if you shoot the furthest. If you lose, you have to lick the table clean.

If Billy was sober, or wasn’t a teenager full of hormones, he’d know that his version of the game is just as crazy as the one that includes the cookie.

Billy would never admit it to Steve, but he actually *likes it* the first time they do it. He wins, of course he does, and Steve very happily licks the table clean, maintaining eye contact the whole time. Billy’s dick twitches at the sight. As soon as the table is ‘clean’, he fucks Steve over it.

Then, it becomes a thing they do sometimes.

Billy guesses they keep doing it, because above any romance, they’re both still friends - best friends - who are competitive, and because they’re also assholes. Perhaps another reason is because Billy’s still 17 and Steve just turned 18, so they get horny with literally anything,

and this game of theirs, apart from being a competition, is also a warrant that they'll fuck like they've become possessed afterwards.

Billy loses sometimes, and that's the only time he's not a sore loser. He actually loses on purpose sometimes, to see how Steve practically *melts* when he licks the table. Steve always fucks him so good after, that he has to watch out where and how he sits.

When there's a tie, which had only happened twice, they oversee the licking part and just go straight to the fucking. One of those times, Steve gets cum from the ruined table in his hair and makes a hilarious face and Billy, naturally, laughs at him until he realizes he's got it in his too.

Steve is making this small choked moans, and not closing his eyes, like he usually does. He's looking at the movements of Billy's hand over his dick, and he's also licking his lips. He's flushing like crazy, and looks already fucked out. Billy is just about to send the fucking game to shit and maul Steve right there, but then, as if Steve had psychic powers, he says, "Don't even think about it,"

Billy's voice sounds fucked and hushed, "Think 'bout what?"

"You're not getting any unless you come and lick clean that fucking table."

Billy groans at that, "W-Who says I'm losing,"

They are both now staring at each other. Billy's pretty sure he looks just as fucked as Steve does.

"Oh you are, baby," Steve says fighting a moan.

Billy's pumping his fist over his dick slowly, twisting at the end and focusing on the head. He almost wants to lose if that earns him what he *really* wants. Steve's doing something similar; he's fucking his fist slowly, thrusting his hips upwards. He closes the fist a little bit tighter and moans, throwing his head back while closing his eyes. Billy almost comes at the sight.

"Easy there, *Stevie,* thought you-...you wanted me to lose?" He says biting his lip and closing his eyes briefly.

Steve doesn't respond, just keeps fucking his fist and licking his lips while looking at him. Billy is really about to lose it and just ignore Steve's fucking rules. He wants Steve. He can't hold it anymore.

“Steve, I- I can’t anymore...” Billy is trailing off. He’s gonna lose it. He’s gonna come. He thinks of Steve when he rides him; how he throws his head back and moans shamelessly. How he puts a hand on Billy’s chest to steady himself while he simultaneously rides Billy’s dick and closes a fist around his own, thrusting into it. Steve always looks so hot doing that, all flushed and fucked out. Billy loves seeing Steve like that.

Then he also thinks about how Steve tells him that he loves it when he comes inside him; how he tangles his legs around his waist when they are fucking over his desk, and rakes his nails over his back. That always sends Billy over the edge.

Then he imagines how good Steve’s cock feels inside of him. Steve always fucks him relentlessly. He literally *plows* him and makes him scream. He loves that while Steve’s at it, he always bites and leaves marks. He loses all control when he’s being fucked. He loves giving it to Steve.

And while he’s imagining all that, he hears Steve start panting erratically, and making desperate sounds mixed with “Billy….Billy...*Fuck*...Billy”, and then he’s done. His load reaches far, almost to the middle of the table, but it’s not a thick load. It doesn't matter, because the visual of Steve completely losing it, sends Billy toppling over the edge and crying out, right after Steve’s first white spurts hit the table.

Billy’s load is thick, and almost reaches the same length as Steve’s. Billy almost feels proud.

They're both panting and Steve has his eyes closed. Billy is looking at him come down from his high, and he looks *delicious*. Even after coming, Billy's spent dick twitches a little bit. Hormones and being crazy about his boyfriend are truly a blessing, he thinks.

Once they've both regained their breath, and the song is about to end, Billy says looking at the mess on the table, "So, who won this one?"

Steve finally looks at him, and is still flushing. He doesn't respond right away, but when he does, he almost sounds desperate, "God, Billy who gives a fuck, just fuck me already goddammit-"

Billy doesn't lose time. He practically rips Steve's shirt off of him.

Later, when they're cuddling under the covers, with Steve's head on his chest and the boy wrapped around him like an octopus, Billy smokes and thinks that 'soggy biscuit' or whatever it was that they played, wasn't so bad after all.